

SS' *ORCHESTRA*, A POEM OF

DANCING, 57 128,

For of her Barons brave, and Ladies fair
(Who had they been elsewhere, most fair
had been),

Many an incomparable lovely pair
With hand-in-hand were interlinked seen.
Making fair honour to their sovereign

Queen :

Forward they paced, and did their pace
apply
To a most sweet and solemn melody*

129.

So subtle and curious was the
measure With such unlooked-for
change in every strain, As that
PENELOPE rapt with sweet pleasure
Weened she beheld the true
proportion plain Of her own web,
weaved and unweaved again:

But that her Art was somewhat less,
she thought, And on a mere ignoble
subject wrought.

130.

For here, like to the silkworm's industry
Beauty itself, out of itself did weave
So rare a work, and of such subtlety,
As did all eyes entangle and deceive;
And in all minds, a strange impression
leave. In this sweet labyrinth did
CUPID stray. And never had the
power to pass away.,

131.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the
Morning,
In honour of the cheerful rising Sun,
With pearl and painted plumes themselves
adorning,
A solemn stately measure have begun;
The god well pleased with that fair honour
done, Sheds forth his beams, and doth
their faces kiss With that immortal
glorious face of his.